

## Game

# "Where You At? (The Whole City Behind Us)"

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[Verse 1: Kanye West]

Yeah, yeah - I used to front when I write songs  
Talk about havin ice on, and I could barely keep my  
lights on  
And my beats was so sick, I shoulda got a medic  
But my credit was so pathetic I couldn't afford a debit  
When the dropout dropped, I had to cop me a money  
tree  
To front on anybody who ever tried to front on me  
With so much personality, what do you want from me?  
I could be by myself and enjoy the company  
My life, this year, my career, is the Lord  
Bad chick, this award, is for Melissa Ford  
Ninety-four I could only afford this Accord  
>From the home of gangbangin and we all outdoors  
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride  
Eastside, right B-Side, Lakeshore Drive  
And I'm (and I'm) Chi-Town's finest  
Where you at? The whole city behind us

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Where you at? The whole city behind us  
Where you at? The whole city behind us  
Southside, outside, Westside, let's ride  
Where you at? The whole city behind us

[Verse 2: Ludacris]

It ain't nuttin to it but to do it! I came here  
to shut the place down 'til my body stops pumpin red  
fluid  
A-Town I've been through it! And we steady gettin  
tested  
But ready to fill your bubble when we put the lead to it  
Out West they still bangin, up top it's really gully  
Down South we get buck and turn hearts to Silly Putty  
Ludacris I got silly money - you got jokes?  
I'll be laughin all the way to the bank - now that's really  
funny!  
Big city bright lights - and many pity cause we like  
fights  
May be long days but it's fright nights  
Living out the night life - and people asking 'Where You

At?'

Not the club; I stay in the get right!  
Hotlanta home of the booties and the really tight skirts  
Where if somebody moves then somebody gets hurt!  
>From Decatur down to CP, and EP  
Adamsville to the battlefield it's D.T.P.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: The Game]

It's Compton's prodigy  
Obviously I'm from the home of hydraulics  
Where they tie bandanas around the steerin collar  
'Nuff Impalas in to get holla  
We fightin pitbulls and Rottweilers  
In the projects the objective is make dollars  
'Where You At?' It ain't a problem to get it there by  
tomorrow  
Cause I got a female friend, with frequent flier mileage  
I ain't never been to college got the IQ of a Rhodes  
Scholar  
If you follow G-Unit throw up your dubs and yell holla  
To all the Y.G.'s in khakis and white tees  
With Air 1's in every colour like Ice-T  
I might be the city of Compton's right knee  
The way I paint pictures with these hip-hop scriptures  
Pay attention while The Game shine like a prism  
Glisten, show you how canaries can alter one's vision  
Not to mention I am Dr. Dre christened on behalf  
of Luda and Kan-Yeezie, I'm gon' breathe easy

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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